BRIAN BOLLAND ◆ PETER DAVID ◆ PHILLIP HESTER ◆ TERRY MOORE ◆ ALAN MOORE ◆ JOEL THOMAS

NEGATIVE BURN

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NEGATIVE BURN

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P.O. Box 893,
Acworth, GA 30101

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Associate Editors:
Charles Moore &
James Pruett

Staff Letterer:
Roxanne Starr

Production:
Nate Pride

British Liaison:
Malcolm Bourne

Graphic Designer:
Shinn Uehara

Publisher:
Gary Reed

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illustrated by Terry Moore

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Cover art by Ken Meyer Jr.

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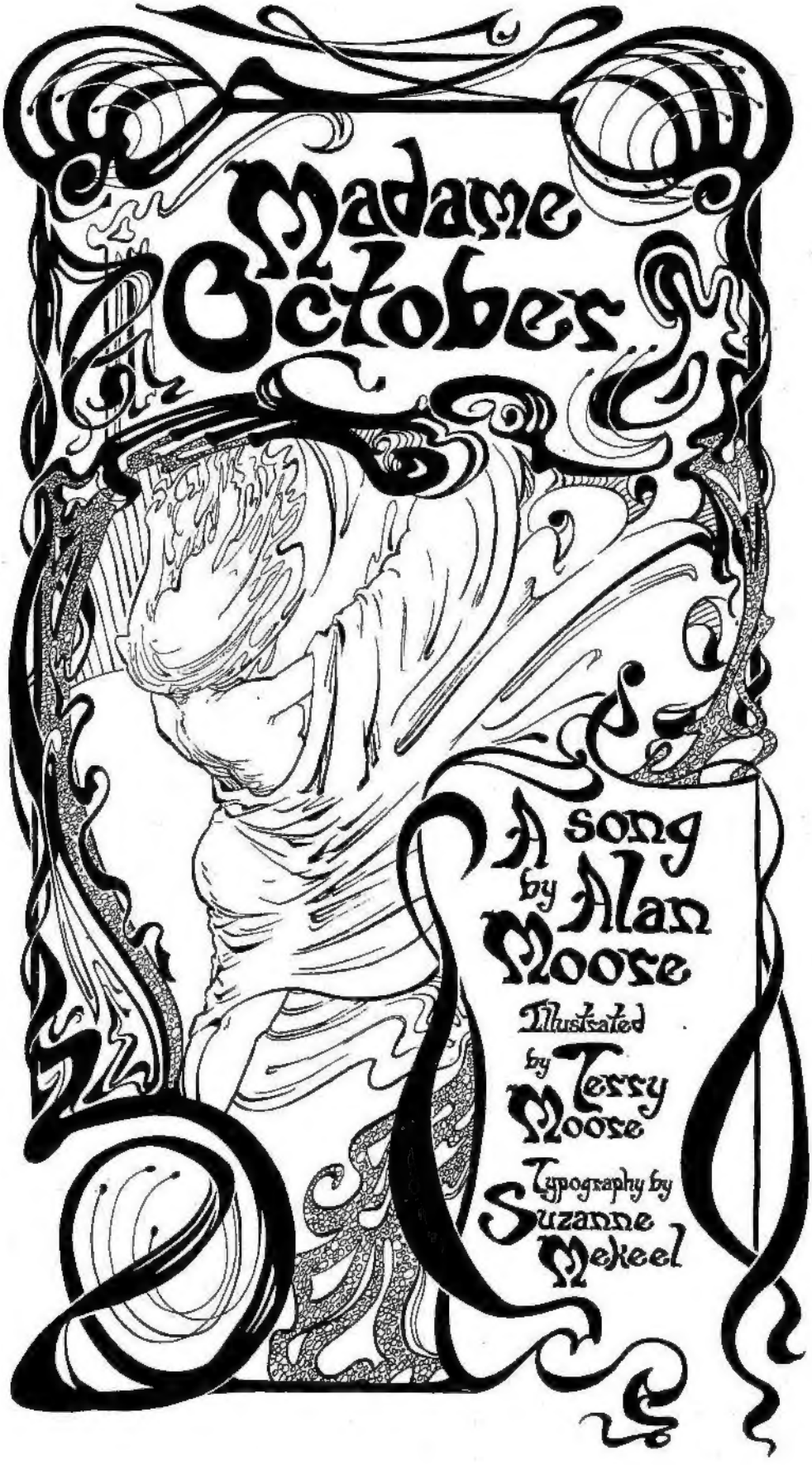
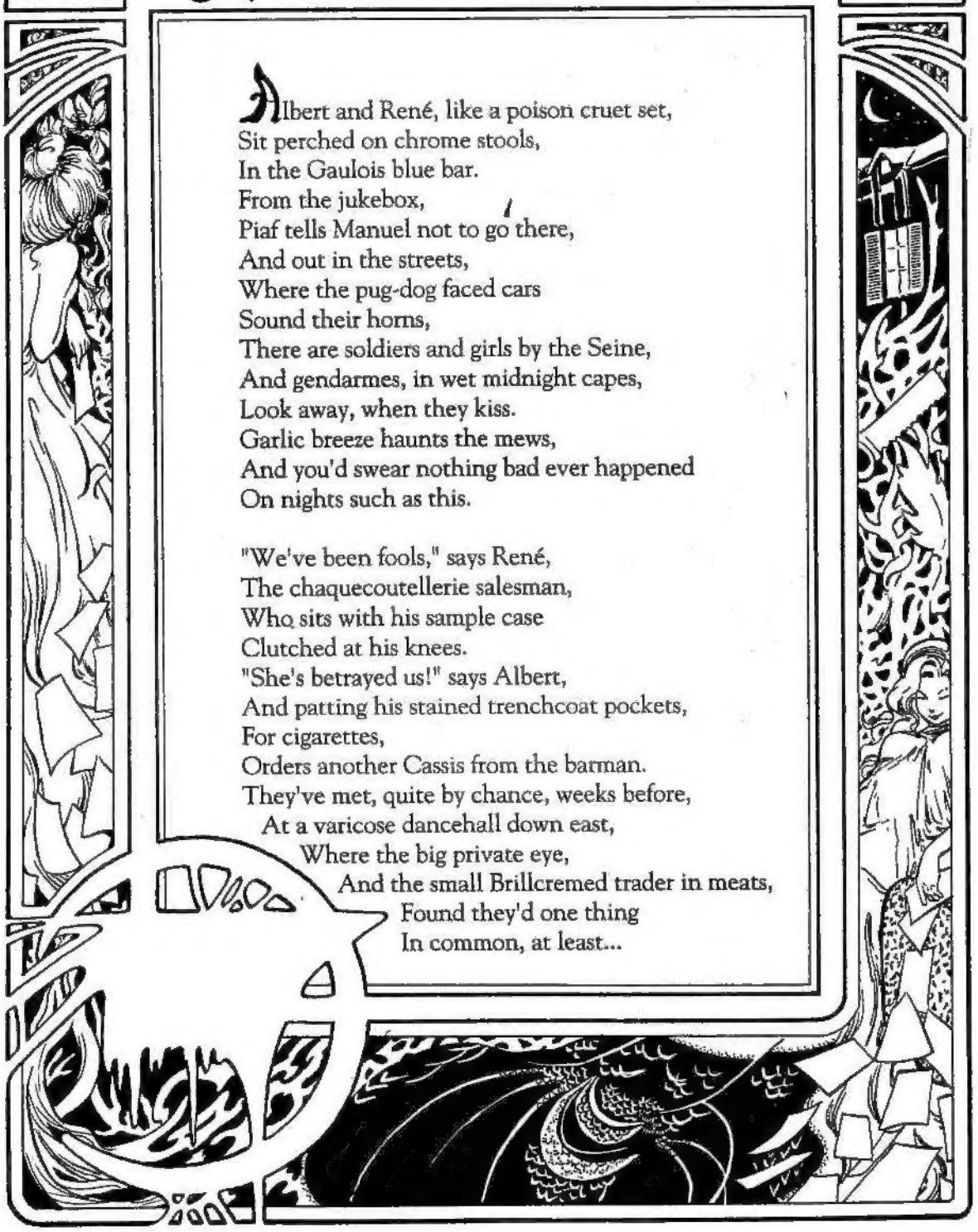
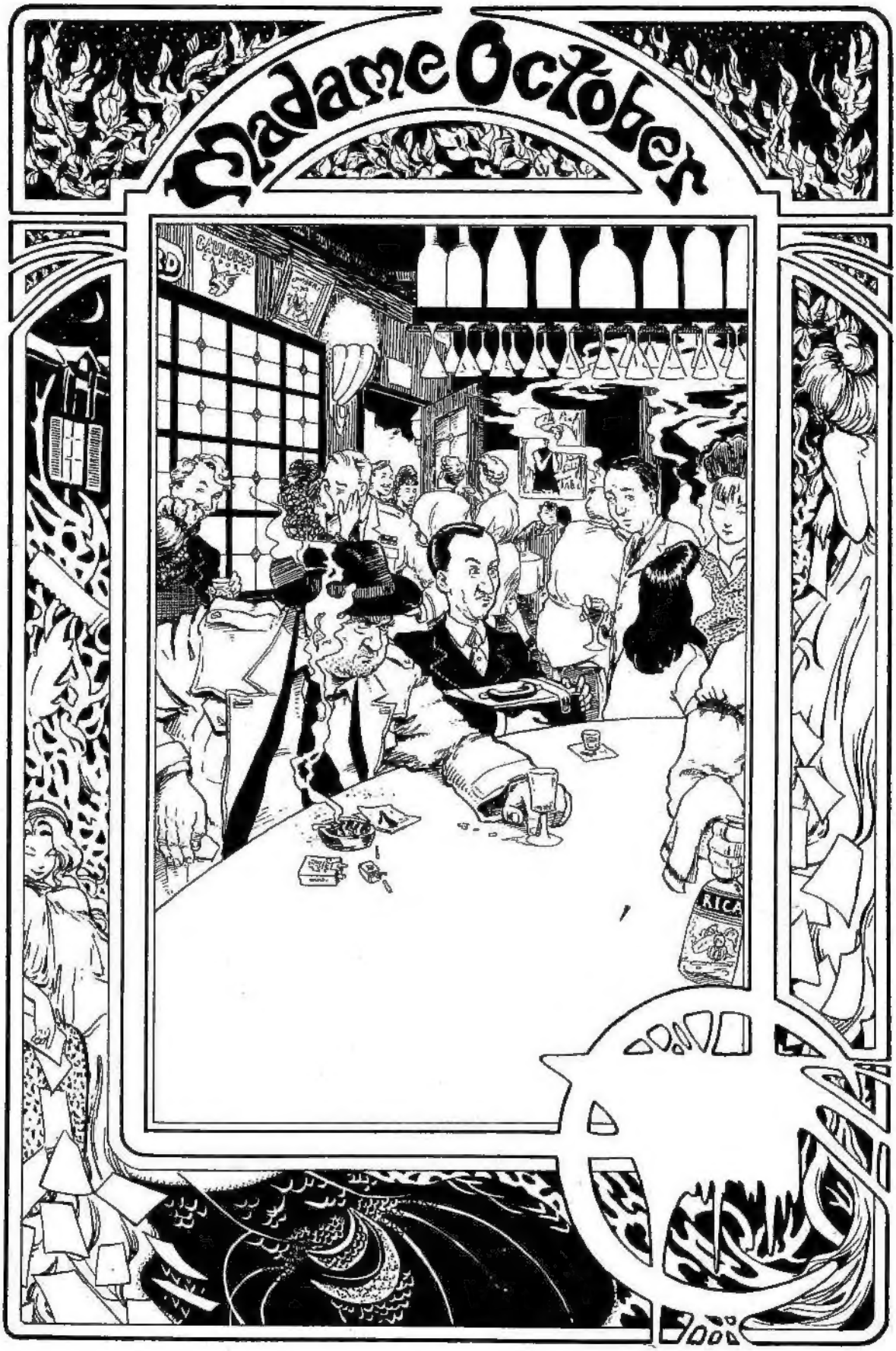

Madame October
A song by Alan Moore
Illustrated by Terry Moore
Typography by Suzanne McKeel

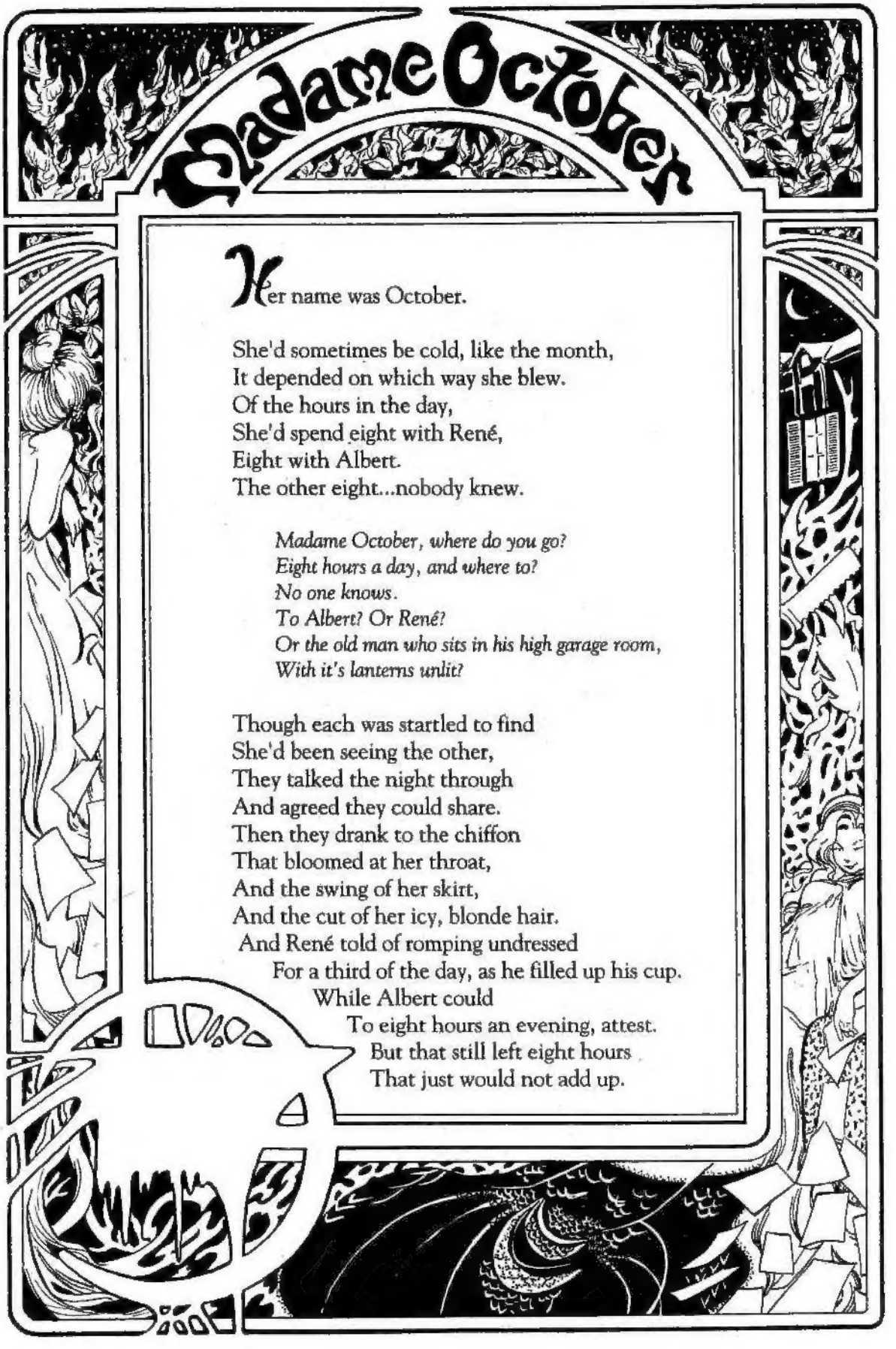
Madame October

Albert and René, like a poison cruet set,
Sit perched on chrome stools,
In the Gaulois blue bar.
From the jukebox,
Piaf tells Manuel not to go there,
And out in the streets,
Where the pug-dog faced cars
Sound their horns,
There are soldiers and girls by the Seine,
And gendarmes, in wet midnight capes,
Look away, when they kiss.
Garlic breeze haunts the mews,
And you'd swear nothing bad ever happened
On nights such as this.

"We've been fools," says René,
The chaquecoutellerie salesman,
Who sits with his sample case
Clutched at his knees.
"She's betrayed us!" says Albert,
And patting his stained trenchcoat pockets,
For cigarettes,
Orders another Cassis from the barman.
They've met, quite by chance, weeks before,
At a varicose dancehall down east,
Where the big private eye,
And the small Brillcremed trader in meats,
Found they'd one thing
In common, at least...




Madame October



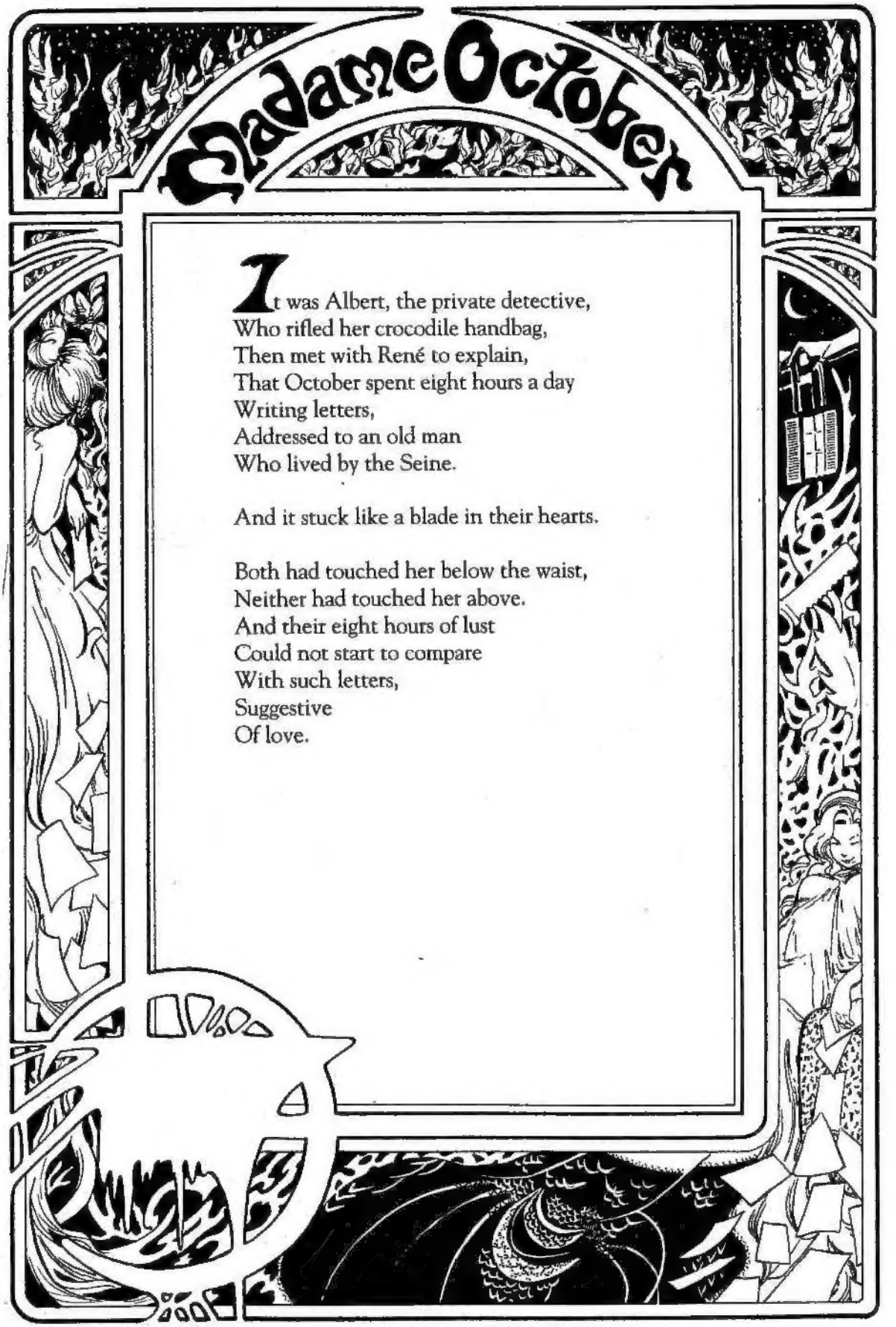
Her name was October.

She'd sometimes be cold, like the month,
It depended on which way she blew.
Of the hours in the day,
She'd spend eight with René,
Eight with Albert.
The other eight...nobody knew.

Madame October, where do you go?
Eight hours a day, and where to?
No one knows.
To Albert? Or René?
Or the old man who sits in his high garage room,
With it's lanterns unlit?

Though each was startled to find
She'd been seeing the other,
They talked the night through
And agreed they could share.
Then they drank to the chiffon
That bloomed at her throat,
And the swing of her skirt,
And the cut of her icy, blonde hair.
And René told of romping undressed
For a third of the day, as he filled up his cup.
While Albert could
To eight hours an evening, attest.
But that still left eight hours
That just would not add up.

Madame October

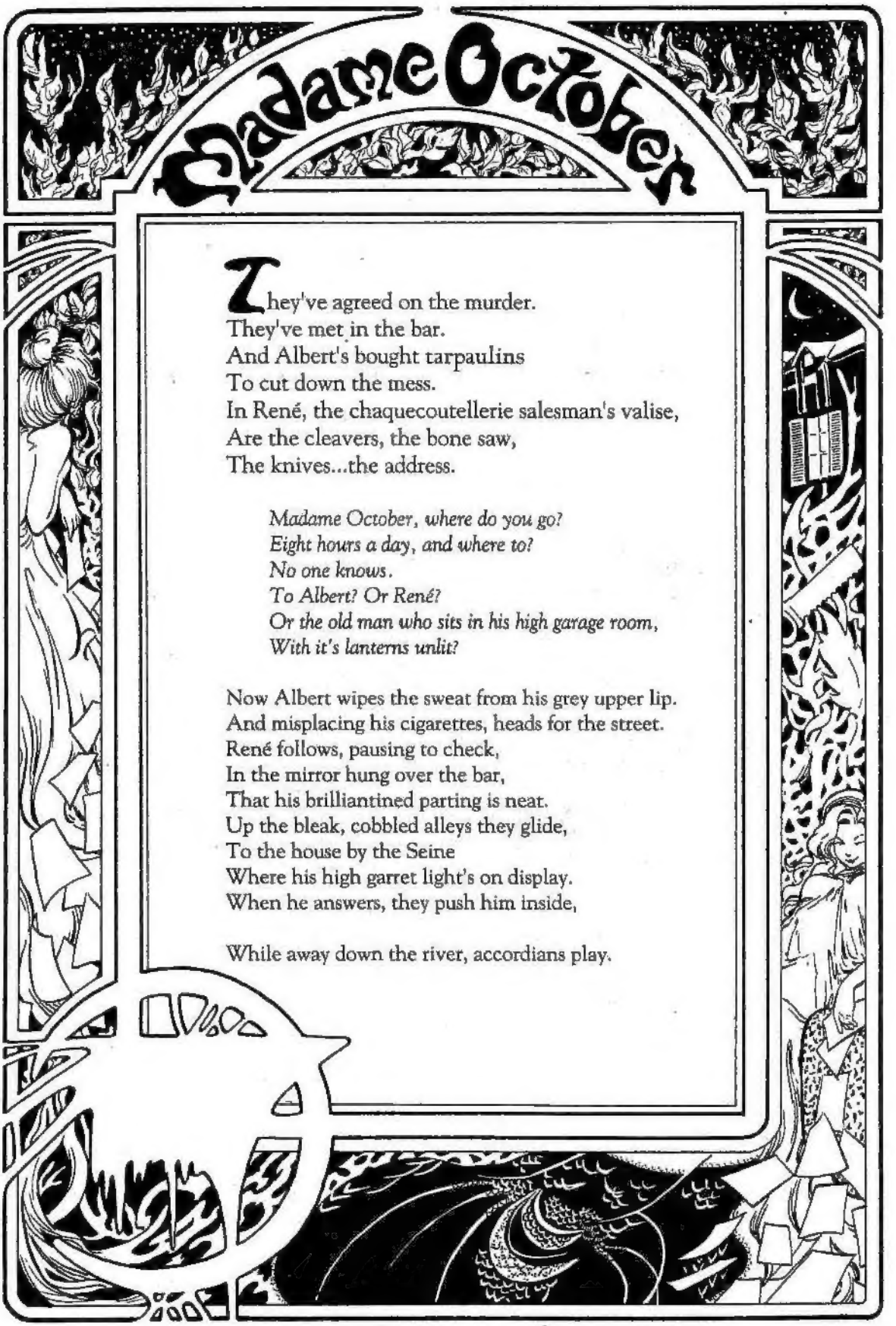


It was Albert, the private detective,
Who rifled her crocodile handbag,
Then met with René to explain,
That October spent eight hours a day
Writing letters,
Addressed to an old man
Who lived by the Seine.

And it stuck like a blade in their hearts.

Both had touched her below the waist,
Neither had touched her above.
And their eight hours of lust
Could not start to compare
With such letters,
Suggestive
Of love.

Madame October

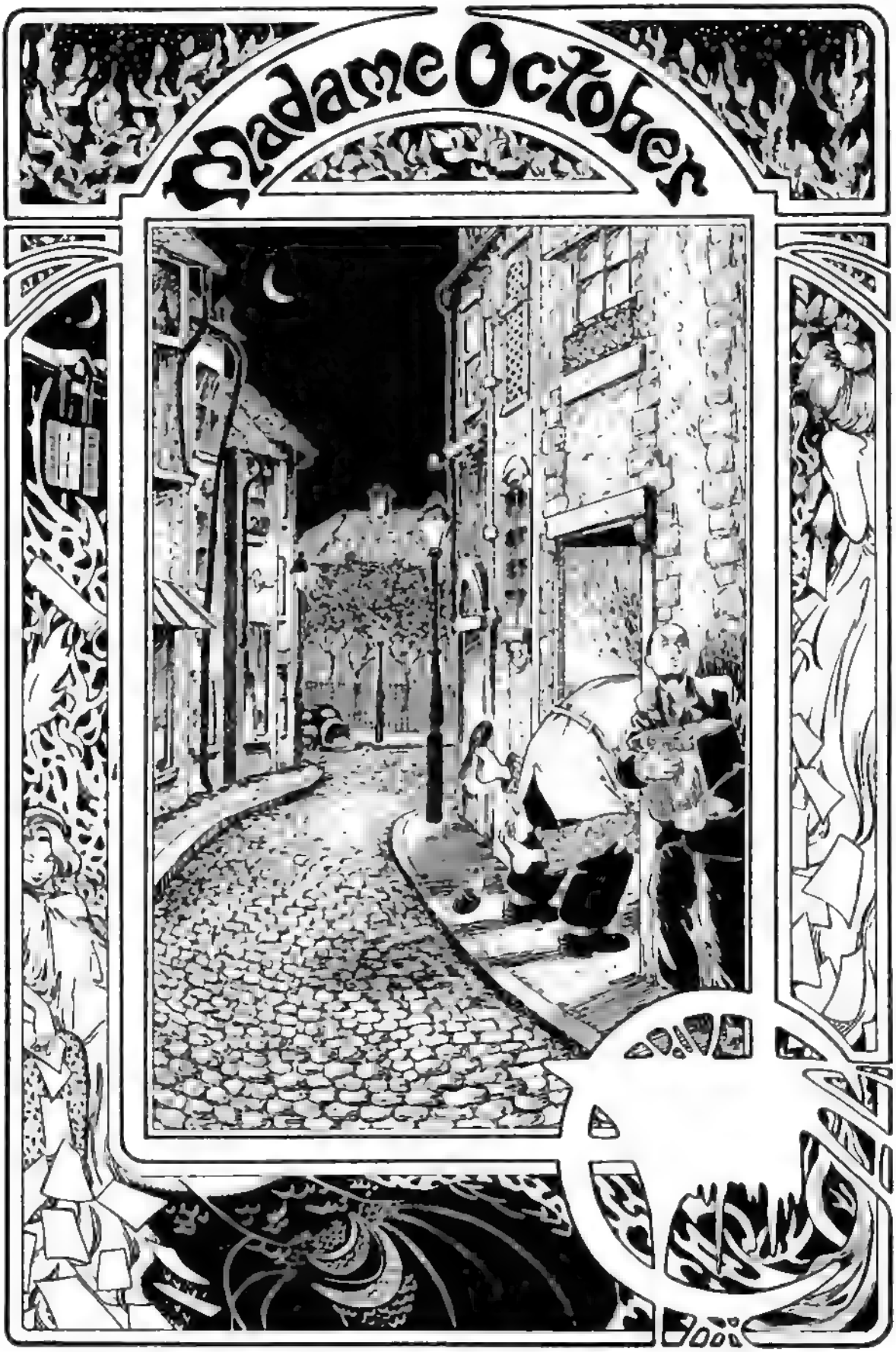


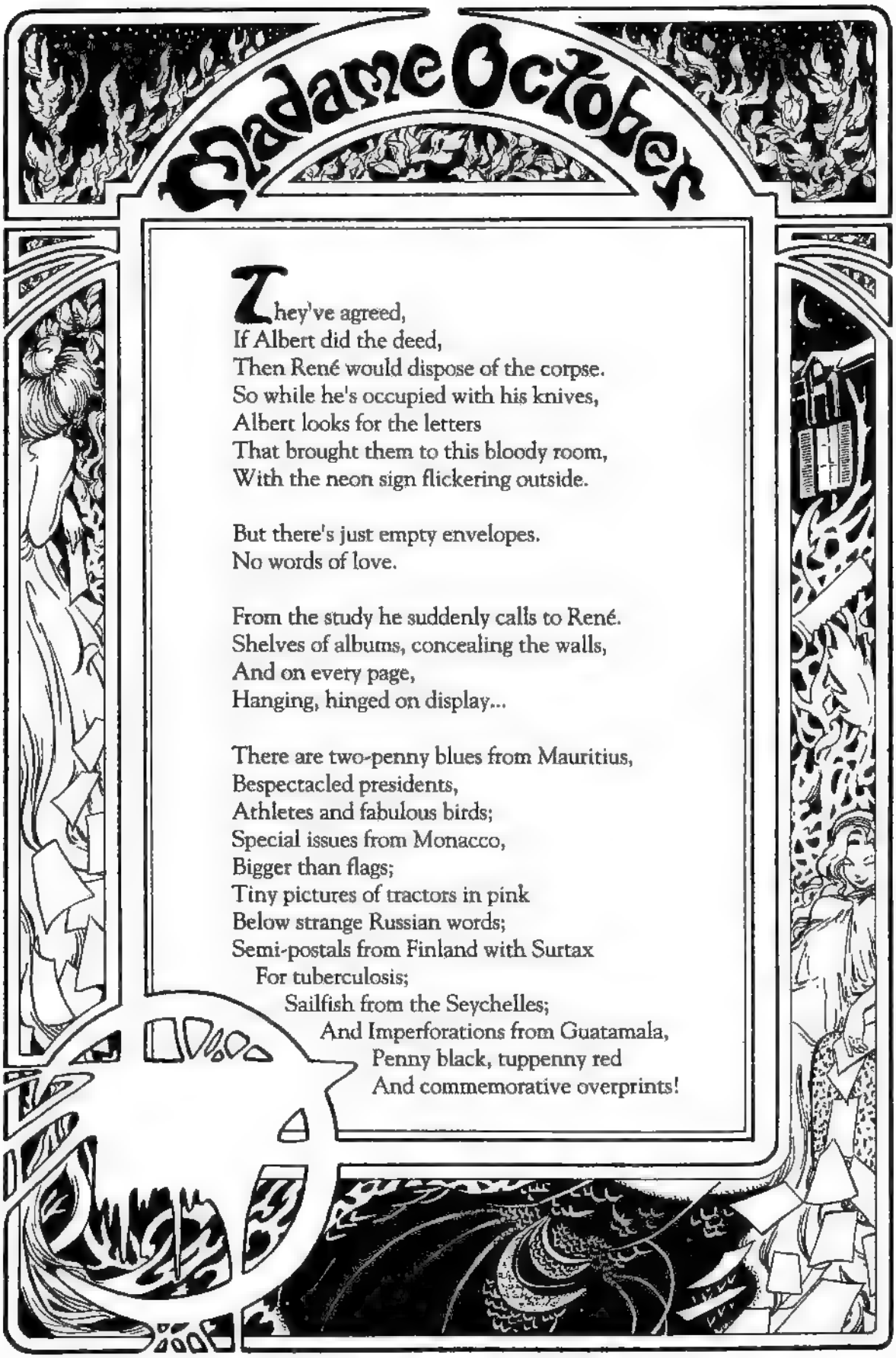
They've agreed on the murder.
They've met in the bar.
And Albert's bought tarpaulins
To cut down the mess.
In René, the chaquecoutellerie salesman's valise,
Are the cleavers, the bone saw,
The knives...the address.

Madame October, where do you go?
Eight hours a day, and where to?
No one knows.
To Albert? Or René?
Or the old man who sits in his high garage room,
With it's lanterns unlit?

Now Albert wipes the sweat from his grey upper lip.
And misplacing his cigarettes, heads for the street.
René follows, pausing to check,
In the mirror hung over the bar,
That his brilliantined parting is neat.
Up the bleak, cobbled alleys they glide,
To the house by the Seine
Where his high garret light's on display.
When he answers, they push him inside,

While away down the river, accordians play.


Madame October



They've agreed,
If Albert did the deed,
Then René would dispose of the corpse.
So while he's occupied with his knives,
Albert looks for the letters
That brought them to this bloody room,
With the neon sign flickering outside.

But there's just empty envelopes.
No words of love.

From the study he suddenly calls to René.
Shelves of albums, concealing the walls,
And on every page,
Hanging, hinged on display...

There are two-penny blues from Mauritius,
Bespectacled presidents,
Athletes and fabulous birds;
Special issues from Monacco,
Bigger than flags;
Tiny pictures of tractors in pink
Below strange Russian words;
Semi-postals from Finland with Surtax
For tuberculosis;
Sailfish from the Seychelles;
And Imperforations from Guatamala,
Penny black, tuppenny red
And commemorative overprints!

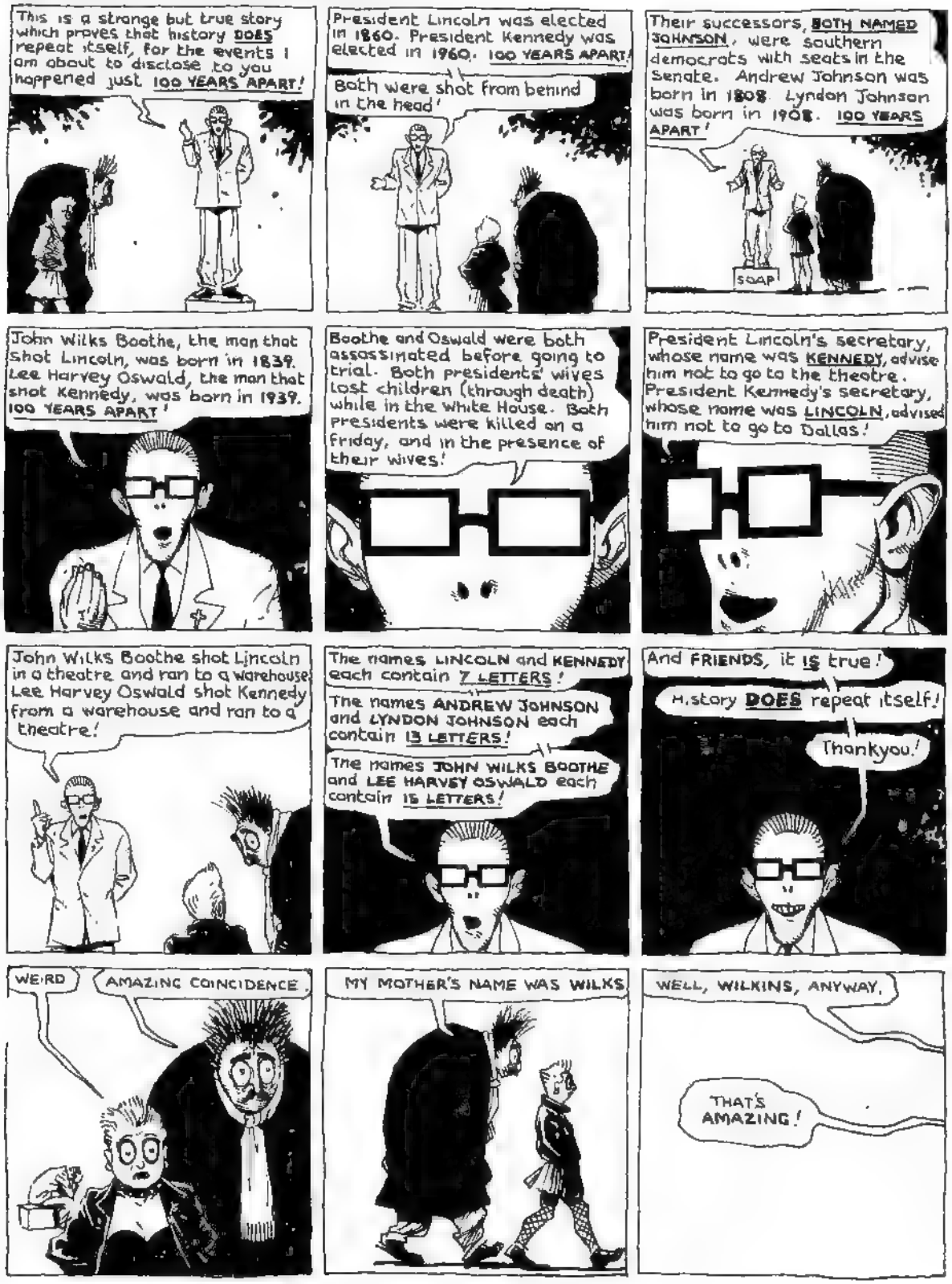
Madame October

MR. MAMOULIAN

COINCIDENCE ?

WITH WORDS BY : BUDDY STARCHER

19 BOLLAND 8·12 87

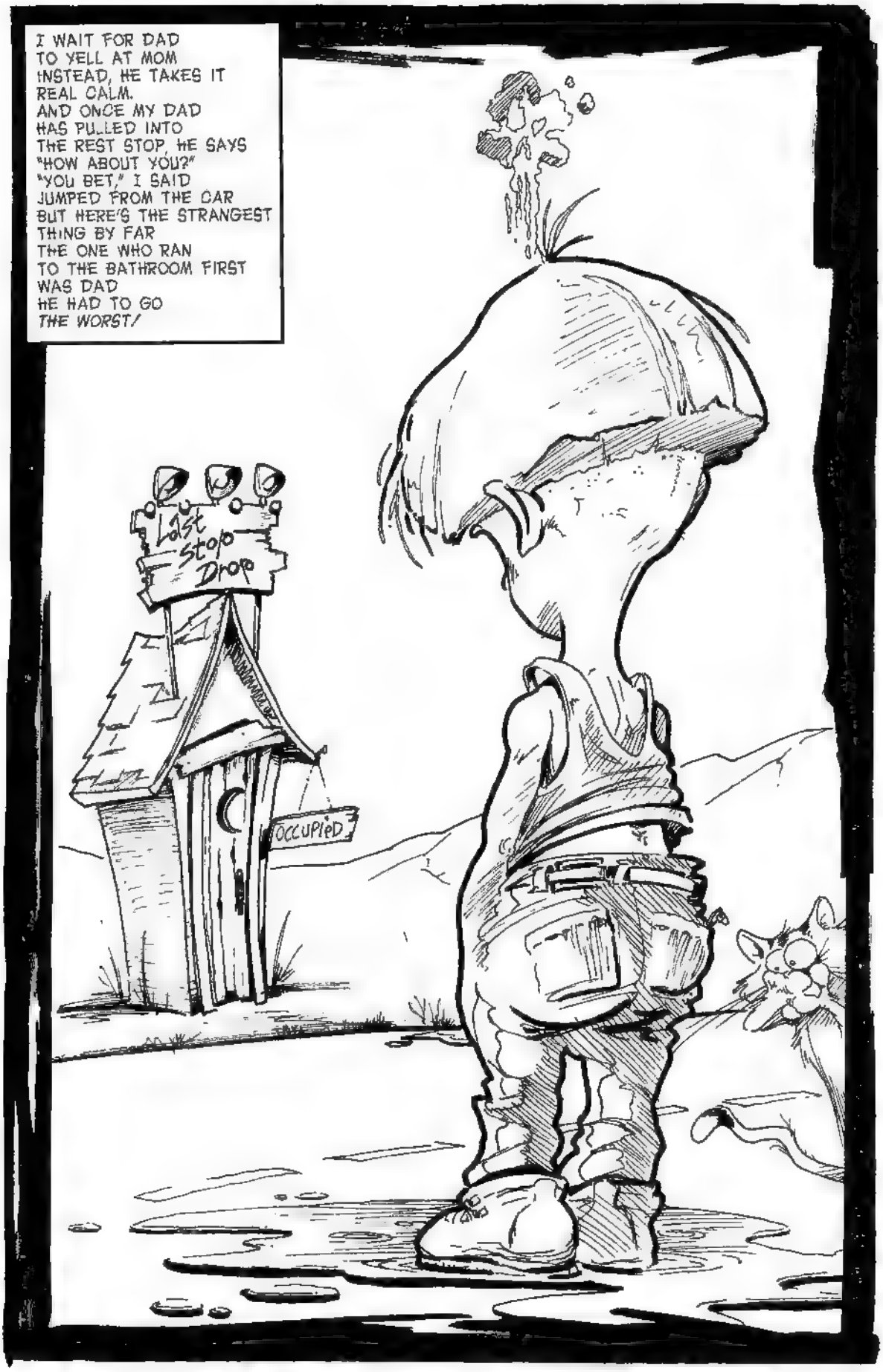

This is a strange but true story which proves that history DOES repeat itself, for the events I am about to disclose to you happened just 100 YEARS APART!
President Lincoln was elected in 1860. President Kennedy was elected in 1960. 100 YEARS APART!
Both were shot from behind in the head!
Their successors, BOTH NAMED JOHNSON, were southern democrats with seats in the Senate. Andrew Johnson was born in 1808. Lyndon Johnson was born in 1908. 100 YEARS APART!
SOAP
John Wilks Boothe, the man that shot Lincoln, was born in 1839. Lee Harvey Oswald, the man that shot Kennedy, was born in 1939. 100 YEARS APART!
Boothe and Oswald were both assassinated before going to trial. Both presidents' wives lost children (through death) while in the White House. Both presidents were killed on a Friday, and in the presence of their wives!
President Lincoln's secretary, whose name was KENNEDY, advise him not to go to the theatre. President Kennedy's secretary, whose name was LINCOLN, advised him not to go to Dallas!
John Wilks Boothe shot Lincoln in a theatre and ran to a warehouse. Lee Harvey Oswald shot Kennedy from a warehouse and ran to a theatre!
The names LINCOLN and KENNEDY each contain 7 LETTERS!
The names ANDREW JOHNSON and LYNDON JOHNSON each contain 13 LETTERS!
The names JOHN WILKS BOOTHE and LEE HARVEY OSWALD each contain 15 LETTERS!
And FRIENDS, it IS true!
History DOES repeat itself!
Thankyou!
WEIRD
AMAZING COINCIDENCE.
MY MOTHER'S NAME WAS WILKS.
WELL, WILKINS, ANYWAY,
THAT'S AMAZING!

OTTA GO
A POEM BY: PETER DAVID
LAYOUTS BY: JOEL THOMAS
INKED BY: TIM PETTY
LETTERED BY: ROXANNE STARR
GOTTA GO,
GOTTA GO,
IF I DON'T SOON
I'M GONNA BLOW.
I'LL SHOW DADDY
THAT I'M TOUGHER,
I'LL JUST CROSS
MY LEGS
AND SUFFER.
DOWN THE HIGHWAY
LIKE A SHOT,
THE CAR IS WHIZZING
BUT I CANNOT.
WHIZ, THAT IS,
I'VE GOT TO KEEP,
MY BATHROOM-NEEDING
BURIED DEEP.
MY DADDY WARNED ME
WE CAN'T STOP,
WE'RE LATE TO VISIT
HIS MOM AND POP.
THEY LIVE THREE ZILLION
MILES AWAY,
IN PHILADELPHIA, PA.

SNIF?
I'VE ALREADY HAD TO GO THREE TIMES NOW IN A ROW. LAST TIME DADDY STOPPED THE CAR, HE TOLD ME, "YOU KNOW HOW FAR WE HAVE TO GO?
POSITIVELY NO MORE STOPPING, EVEN IF YOUR EYES ARE POPPING FROM YOUR HEAD, AND EVEN MORE IF THEY'RE ROLLING ON THE FLOOR."
"WE WILL NOT STOP OR SLOW US DOWN, UNTIL WE GET TO PHILLY TOWN.
SO DON'T DRINK MUCH TO QUENCH YOUR THIRST, BECAUSE YOU'LL MAKE YOUR BLADDER BURST."

I DIDN'T KNOW I HAD A BLADDER,
BUT I SURE KNOW WHAT IS THE MATTER.
'CAUSE I'M BRAVE AND I AM BOLD
BUT HOW MUCH LONGER CAN I HOLD?
WHAT'S GOING ON BELOW MY BELT?
THIS IS THE WORST I'VE EVER FELT.
TRY TO THINK OF OTHER STUFF,
TAKE MY MIND OFF BEING TOUGH.
THINK ABOUT, OH, SUMMER CAMP
THAT WAS FUN, THOUGH THINGS
WERE DAMP
IN THE MORNING, FROM THE DEW,
GOTTA GO CAMP
CAMP DUMPA
(NO! I'M FEELING NUMBER TWO!
IN ADDITION TO THE ONE, DAD
WON'T BE THRILLED WITH HIS SON!)
H2O
I WAS THINKING...CAMP, OH YES,
THAT WAS FUN, I MUST CONFESS.
WITH THE RIVER, BEST OF ALL,
A MOST HUMONGOUS WATERFALL.
RUNNING WATER EVERYWHERE (QUICK!
GET YOUR MIND OUT OF THERE!)

DAD IS GONNA BE SO MAD,
BUT I HAVE TO GO SO BAD THERE'S A SIGN (IT'S TOO LATE/) "LAST REST STOP ON INTERSTATE."
COMING UP IN JUST A MINUTE, AND I WON'T GET TO GO IN IT.
BUT NOW MY MOM HAS TURNED HER HEAD. SHE LOOKS AT ME, AND SHE SAYS, "FRED?" (THAT'S MY DADDY'S NAME) "FRED, I HATE TO SAY THIS, BUT I CANNOT WAIT.
I DO NOT WANT TO COST YOU TIME, BUT FRED, MY DEAR, IT SEEMS THAT I'M IN NEED OF STOPPING. I MUST GO TO THE BATHROOM, DON'T YOU KNOW."


I WAIT FOR DAD
TO YELL AT MOM
INSTEAD, HE TAKES IT
REAL CALM.
AND ONCE MY DAD
HAS PULLED INTO
THE REST STOP, HE SAYS
"HOW ABOUT YOU?"
"YOU BET," I SAID
JUMPED FROM THE CAR
BUT HERE'S THE STRANGEST
THING BY FAR
THE ONE WHO RAN
TO THE BATHROOM FIRST
WAS DAD
HE HAD TO GO
THE WORST!
Last Stop Drop
OCCUPIED

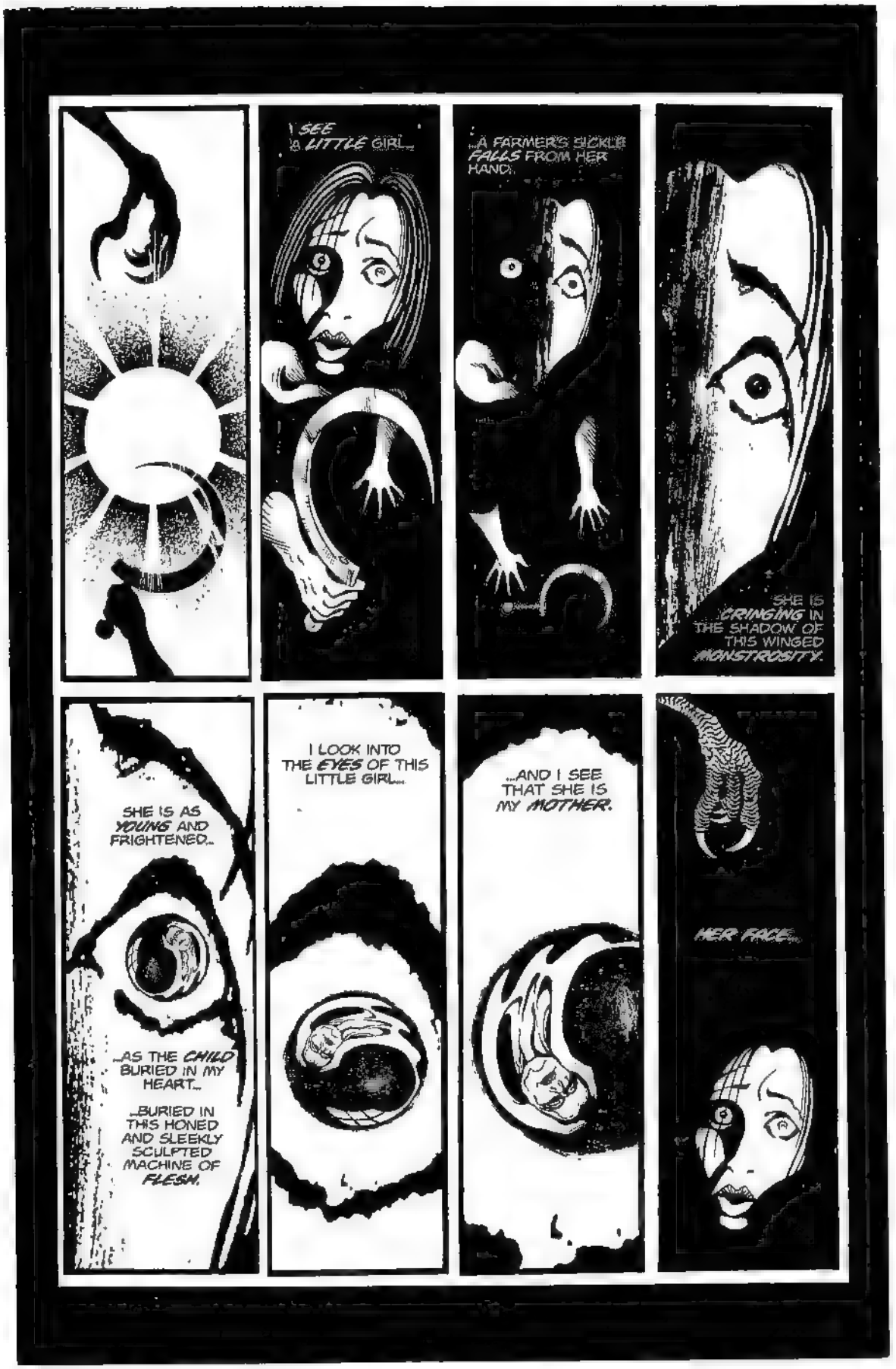
THE CURTAINS ARE OPENING, RISING WITH THE SUN. MY *CONSCIOUSNESS* WIDENS TO TAKE IN THIS DRAMA OF THE MIND.

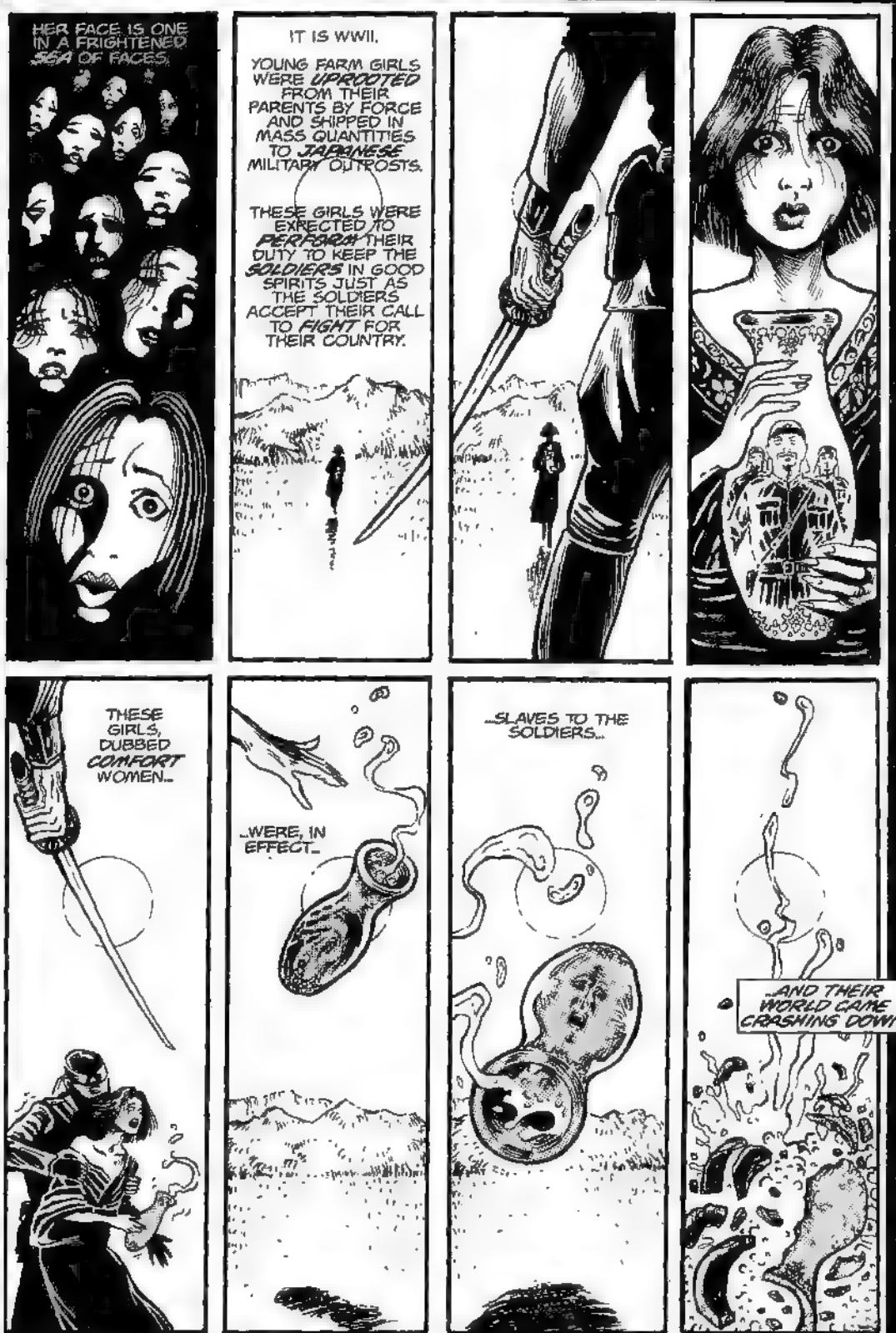
IT HAS BEEN WELL-REHEARSED AND FINELY-TUNED WITH AGE.

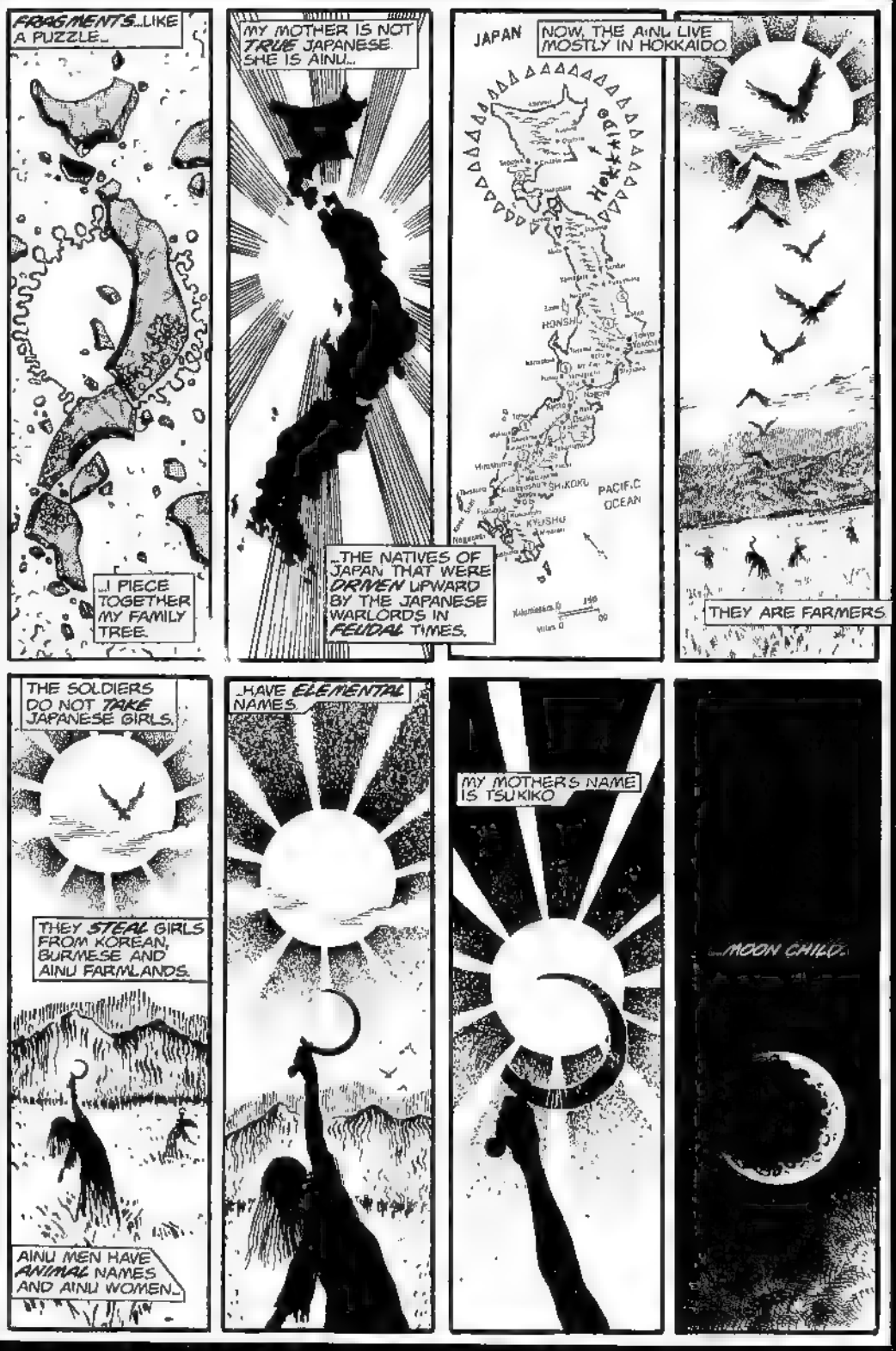
WATCH IT WITH ME.

KABUKI

THE *RHYTHM* IN MY SKULL *BEATS* LIKE THE WINGS OF A LARGE CARRION BIRD.
I FOLLOW THIS RHYTHM TO THE *PAST*. ITS SHADOWS SWEEPING...
...SWEEPING THROUGH *FIELDS OF GOLD*.


I SEE A LITTLE GIRL...
...A FARMER'S SICKLE FALLS FROM HER HAND.
SHE IS CRINGING IN THE SHADOW OF THIS WINGED MONSTROSITY.
SHE IS AS YOUNG AND FRIGHTENED...
...AS THE CHILD BURIED IN MY HEART...
...BURIED IN THIS HONED AND SLEEKLY SCULPTED MACHINE OF FLESH.
I LOOK INTO THE EYES OF THIS LITTLE GIRL...
...AND I SEE THAT SHE IS MY MOTHER.
HER FACE...

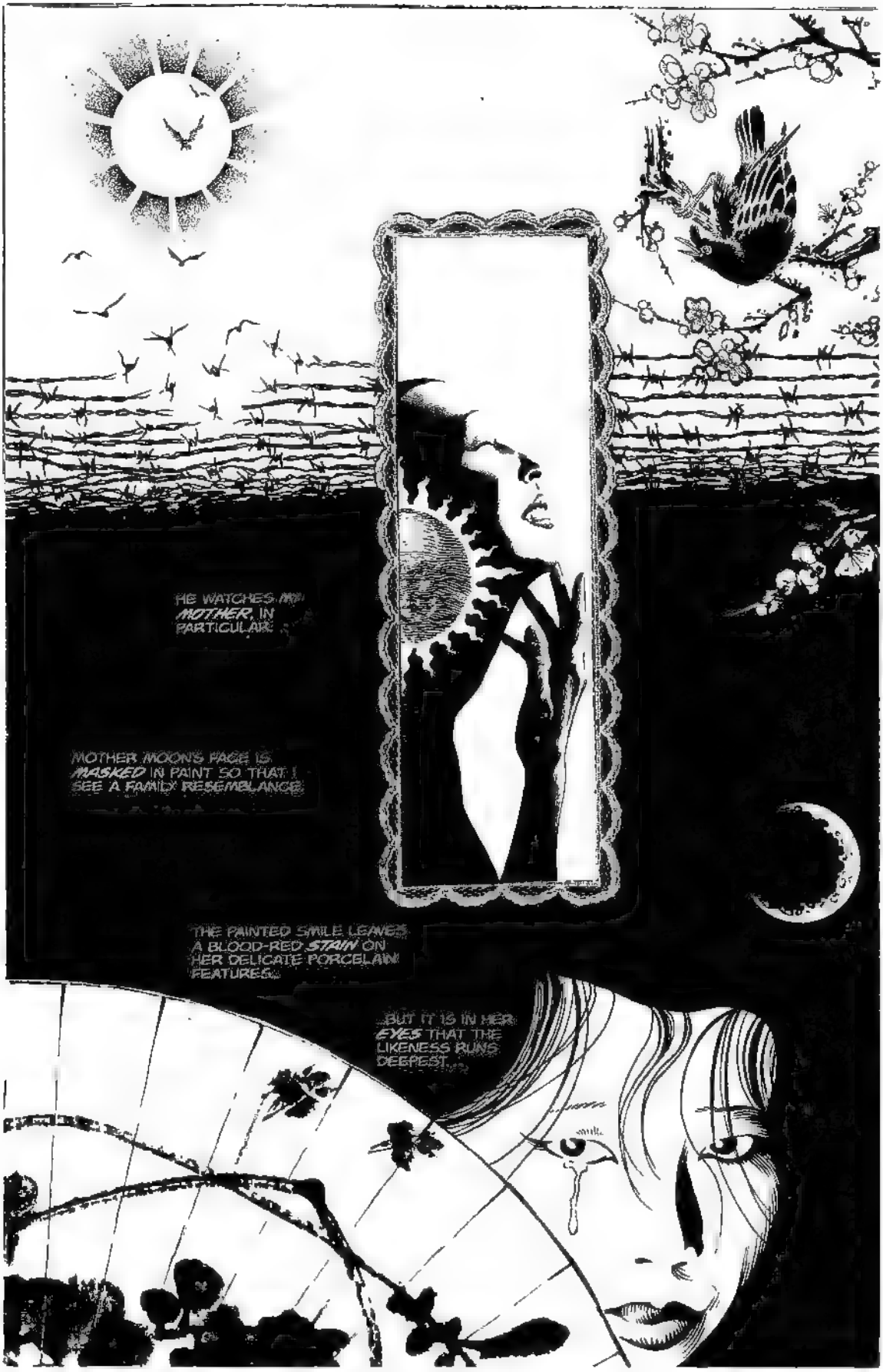

HER FACE IS ONE IN A FRIGHTENED SEA OF FACES.
IT IS WWII.
YOUNG FARM GIRLS WERE UPROOTED FROM THEIR PARENTS BY FORCE AND SHIPPED IN MASS QUANTITIES TO JAPANESE MILITARY OUTPOSTS.
THESE GIRLS WERE EXPECTED TO PERFORM THEIR DUTY TO KEEP THE SOLDIERS IN GOOD SPIRITS JUST AS THE SOLDIERS ACCEPT THEIR CALL TO FIGHT FOR THEIR COUNTRY.
THESE GIRLS, DUBBED COMFORT WOMEN...
..WERE, IN EFFECT..
...SLAVES TO THE SOLDIERS...
...AND THEIR WORLD CAME CRASHING DOWN


FRAGMENTS...LIKE A PUZZLE...
...I PIECE TOGETHER MY FAMILY TREE.
MY MOTHER IS NOT TRUE JAPANESE. SHE IS AINU...
...THE NATIVES OF JAPAN THAT WERE DRIVEN UPWARD BY THE JAPANESE WARLORDS IN FEUDAL TIMES.
JAPAN
NOW, THE AINU LIVE MOSTLY IN HOKKAIDO.
HONSHU
SHIKOKU
KYUSHU
PACIFIC OCEAN
THEY ARE FARMERS.
THE SOLDIERS DO NOT TAKE JAPANESE GIRLS.
THEY STEAL GIRLS FROM KOREAN, BURMESE AND AINU FARMLANDS.
AINU MEN HAVE ANIMAL NAMES AND AINU WOMEN...
...HAVE ELEMENTAL NAMES.
MY MOTHER'S NAME IS TSUKIKO
...MOON CHILD.

MOTHER MOON IS SHIPPED WITH OTHER COMFORT WOMEN TO THE FIERCEST OF MILITARY BASES.
IT IS A NAVAL FRONT ON A SMALL OKINAWAN ISLAND THAT HAS BEEN COMMANDEERED BY A PACK OF VICIOUS AND CRUEL SOLDIERS.
...SOLDIERS WHO ARE HELD IN CHECK ONLY BY A WISE AND STRICT TRADITIONALIST GENERAL.
HE DOES NOT LET HIS SOLDIERS MOLEST THE COMFORT WOMEN. INSTEAD, HE DIRECTS THE GIRLS TO PERFORM ANCIENT KABUKI DRAMAS FOR HIS MEN.
歌舞伎

HE IS FATHER SUN...
THE GENERAL IS NOBLE AND HOPELESSLY PATRIOTIC...
...AND HE SITS THERE, BROODING INTENTLY...
...WATCHING THEM PERFORM ANCIENT MASTERPIECES...
...AS IF EACH GRACEFUL MOVE OF AN ARM, OR FLUTTER OF SATIN, INSPIRES HIM...
...ELEVATES HIM TO PLOT TACTICAL STRATEGIES OF SIMILAR ELOQUENCE.

デヴィッド マック


HE WATCHES MY MOTHER, IN PARTICULAR.
MOTHER MOON'S FACE IS MASKED IN PAINT SO THAT I SEE A FAMILY RESEMBLANCE.
THE PAINTED SMILE LEAVES A BLOOD-RED STAIN ON HER DELICATE PORCELAIN FEATURES...
...BUT IT IS IN HER EYES THAT THE LIKENESS RUNS DEEPEST...

HER EYES...
...AND MINE.
IT'S NEVER EASY TO PICK UP THE PIECES...
...BUT I FIT THEM TOGETHER LIKE JIGSAW FRAGMENTS OF THE MIND.
MY FAMILY TREE IS TWISTED IN THE WINDS OF TIME...
...DANCING A BITTER DRAMA...
I AM KABUKI.
DRIFTING IN THE DARK...
...THE MOON SMILES...
...LIKE THE CHESHIRE CAT.

What has gone before in

Jeff Nicholson's

LoST LauGhTeR

Once upon a time there was a fantastic cartoon universe filled with many inhabited worlds, and an Earth much like our own. On that Earth, in the land of Japan, giant alien visitors heroically battled radioactive monsters and other threats. The first and most popular of these heroes was Sam Sogg, who the Japanese called Ultra Klutz. From yet another alien world came Argoll, Sam's arch foe. Also battling these aggressors were the Secret Suicide Squad, a Japanese para-military unit specializing in monster fighting. In the heavens, two comedic gods, Chaoz and Ordain, choreograph the players lives. It was a dangerous yet wondrous time, until suddenly, it stopped. The aliens and monsters vanished overnight, and the squad fell to useless public relations events and eventual disbandment.

"Lost Laughter is a phenomenon. It is a universal spiritual decay. Six years of time ticking sideways. Rules being broken, then glued back together with a sickly paste, leaving us unsure of God or Nature. Who will save us? Our heroes are quiet. Or sleeping. Or dead."

One quite hero, Hirobumi (formerly of the Suicide Squad), awoke six years after the disappearance of the heroes. His slumber was that of despair, with a menial job in a video rental store. Upon viewing the new "Death of Ultra Klutz" video, he snapped. This tape speculated on Sam's death in bleak, gruesome ways. No one seemed to remember the days of wonder, and Hirobumi went on a rampage, landing himself in a psychiatric hospital. A voice by the name of "Vince" began speaking to him, telling him of the Lost Laughter force he had been creating. Street gangs flourished in Tokyo, who were then crushed by the "Japanese Cowboy" movement: Former businessmen who took back the streets with rifles and six guns, dressed in Hollywood cowboy attire. Dogs and cats went wild, attacking their former masters.

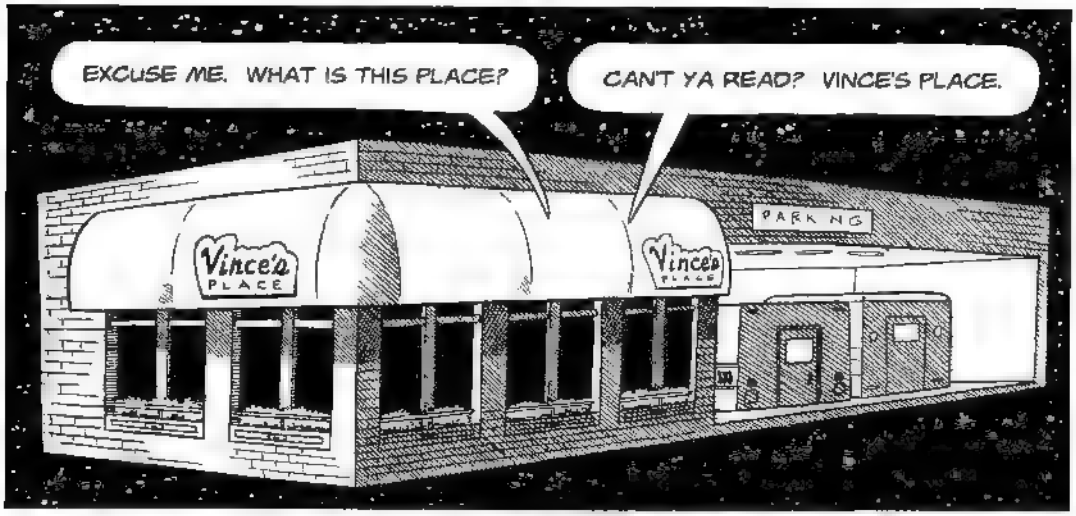
Meanwhile, Sam, Argoll and the other aliens awoke and found themselves to be human. As it turned out, Chaoz and Ordain had put them in suspended animation for six years, although they were **not** responsible for turning them human. That was the work of this unseen Vince. The two gods feared him, and sent the aliens out on reconnaissance missions to gather more information.

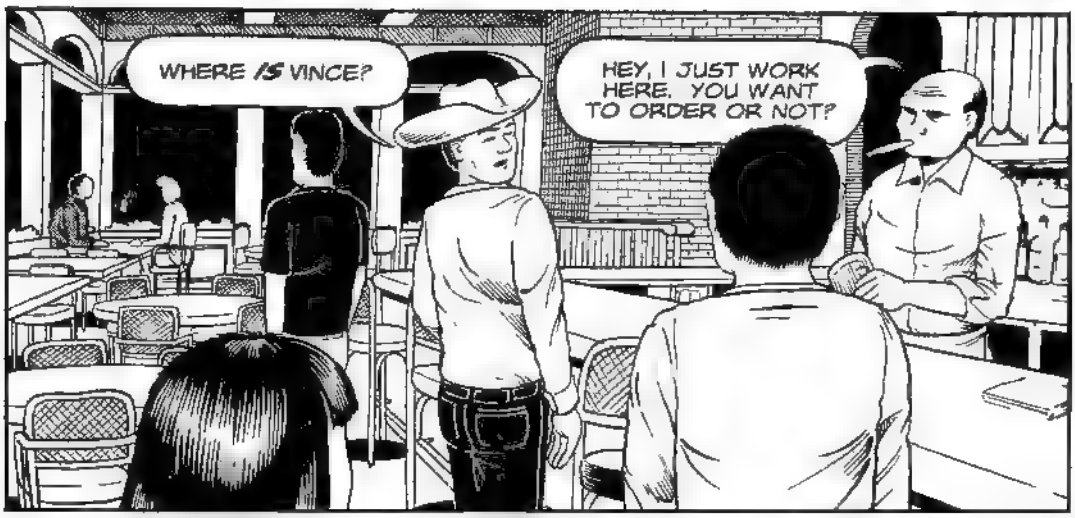
Of considerable importance to this story is the relationship between Sam and Argoll. Once bitter enemies, they realized they were merely pawns of the gods and of the rulers of their respective worlds, and decided to call a truce. Both were less interested in petty rivalry and more so in understanding the true nature of the universe. In his youth, Sam had possessed knowledge of Alpha Centauri, an "off limits" world of nirvana. Those memories were stolen by one of Argoll's superiors, and Sam and Argoll were determined to get them back while searching for Vince for the gods.

Also on Vince's trail was the Secret Suicide Squad, who rescued Hirobumi and left Earth in search of this unwelcome creator of Lost Laughter

ChapTeR SiX:

VINCE'S PLACE





LET ME GET THIS STRAIGHT. YOU TRIED TO GET YOUR OWN FATHER RUBBED OUT?
YES.
AND YOU SACRIFICED THE LIVES OF SEVERAL HUMANS IN ORDER TO GET RID OF ALL THE OTHER KLUTZIANS WHO WERE IRRITATING YOU?
THEY WEREN'T JUST IRRITATED WITH ME. THEY WOULD'VE KILLED ME FOR DESTROYING OUR PLANET.
BUT IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT. DON'T YOU KNOW YOU WERE SET UP? YOU COULD HAVE PROVEN YOUR INNOCENCE.
I DIDN'T KNOW HOW. IT WAS ALL HAPPENING SO FAST. I DON'T WORK WELL UNDER PRESSURE.
THIS IS TOO MUCH, SAM. I WAS MILDLY SHOCKED WHEN YOU FRAMED ICHIRO WHEN THE COPS WERE AFTER YOU, BUT I HAD NO IDEA YOU WERE CAPABLE OF SUCH RUTHLESSNESS.
WHO ARE YOU TO TALK? YOU ALWAYS *PRIDED* YOURSELF ON BEING RUTHLESS. NOW LOOK AT YOU. SITTING HERE JUDGING ME. WHAT THE HELL IS GOING ON WITH US?
I'M NOT SURE. I STARTED TO CHANGE WHEN I LEARNED OF CHAOZ AND ORDAIN'S EXISTENCE. I STARTED FEELING LIKE THERE WAS SOMETHING BETTER INSIDE ME. I WANTED TO DIVORCE MYSELF FROM THE WRETCHED SOCIETY I WAS BORN INTO.

I DON'T KNOW WHAT CHANGED ME.
TOO MUCH FREEDOM, PERHAPS? TOO MUCH POWER, AND SELF-IMPORTANCE, WHEN YOU WERE A HERO?
SO, THE BAD GUY BECOMES GOOD, AND THE GOOD GUY BECOMES...
SOMETHING EVEN I DON'T KNOW IF I LIKE.
DON'T BLAME YOURSELF. YOU WERE ROBBED OF SOMETHING WHEN THAT OLD BASTARD STOLE YOUR MEMORIES, AND THE VIRTUES YOU INHERITED FROM YOUR MOTHER. WE'LL FIGURE OUT A WAY TO GET THEM BACK INSIDE YOU.
YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW BADLY I WANT THAT.
SAM, IS IT YOU?
WOW! KENJI! HOW DID YOU GET HERE?
WE'RE SEARCHING FOR THE LOST LAUGHTER FORCE, AND WE FOUND THIS BAR. WHY ARE YOU HERE?
CHAOZ AND ORDAIN SENT US SEARCHING, TOO. I DIDN'T KNOW HE WAS INVOLVING YOU EARTHLINGS.
THEY DIDN'T. WE'VE COME ON OUR OWN. I'VE DISCOVERED A BAND OF RADIATION WE HOPE WILL LEAD US TO THE ANSWER.
BUT HOW CAN YOU AND ME BOTH EXIST AT THE SAME TIME?
THOSE STUPID GODS, CHAOZ AND ORDAIN, VOIDED THE WAY WE SHARED LIVES. THERE'S NO MORE CHANGING PLACES FOR US.
THAT'S GREAT! WHY DO YOU CALL THEM STUPID?
BECAUSE THEY LEFT ME AND THE OTHERS FROZEN IN ORBIT ABOVE EARTH FOR FIVE YEARS!

HEY, TIME OUT. AREN'T YOU ARGOLL?
YES.
DON'T WORRY. ARGOLL'S ON OUR SIDE NOW. ARGOLL, YOU REMEMBER MY FRIENDS, KENJI, FUJI . . .
OH, NO. I'M NO FRIEND OF YOURS. I DON'T LIKE ANYTHING YOU OR YOUR INVADING ALIEN PARASITES STOOD FOR.
FUJI!
I UNDERSTAND YOUR HOSTILITY, BUT YOU DON'T KNOW THE WHOLE STORY. SAM'S BEEN MANIPULATED. I THINK HE WAS ORIGINALLY A GOOD PERSON, BUT HE'S BEEN ALTERED. IF WE CAN RESTORE HIM, I PERSONALLY THINK HE POSSESSES KNOWLEDGE THAT CAN BENEFIT THE ENTIRE GALAXY.
LISTEN TO YOU. YOU'RE AS BAD AS SAM WITH THESE HALF-BAKED SCAMS.
IT'S TRUE. SAM'S ORIGINAL ALPHA CENTAURIAN PERSONA IS OUT IN OUR CAR.
OH, I'VE HAD IT. LET'S BE ON OUR WAY.
SAM, I BELIEVE YOU. I'M SO GLAD YOU'RE STILL ALIVE.
PLEASE, ALL OF YOU, WE NEED TO WORK TOGETHER. THERE'S FORCES AT WORK HERE BIGGER THAN ALL OF US.
CAPTAIN, YOU SAY YOU'RE TRAILING AN ENERGY SOURCE . . . IS IT LIKE A DOPPLER SHIFT IN A WAY?
EXACTLY! YOU KNOW OF IT?
OH, YES. AND IT'S A DEAD END. I DISCOVERED IT WHEN I WENT OFF SEARCHING FOR THE GODS LAST MONTH. OR LAST MONTH AND FIVE YEARS AGO, I SHOULD SAY.

NEXT: VINCE'S PLACE (pt 2)

CLASSICS DESECRATED

THE LAD WHO WISHED TO MEET FEAR

UPDATED BY DOUG WHEELER

ART KIM HAGEN

UNABLE TO TERRORIZE HIS SON, AS ANY DECENT PARENT SHOULD, HE KICKED HIM OUT.
...AND DON'T YOU COME BACK UNTIL YOU'VE LEARNED HOW TO PROPERLY QUIVER!

THUS THE YOUNG LAD BEGAN HIS SEARCH FOR THE ENTITY NAMED "FEAR."
...AND BY NIGHTFALL ARRIVED IN THE MEDIEVALLY-MINDED VILLAGE OF WASHINGTON, D.C.

ENTERING FROM THE POORER SIDE OF THE HAMLET, THE LAD CAME UPON DEATH, WHO WAS MAKING HIS NIGHTLY COLLECTION OF SOULS FROM THE DRUG WARS.
EXCUSE ME, MR DEATH, BUT I'M LOOKING FOR FEAR.
I AM DEATH!!
SEEING AS THE TWO OF YOU ARE RELATED...
I WAS HOPING YOU MIGHT KNOW WHERE HE IS!

HMMMPPPPFFFFFF!!!!
VERY WELL. FEAR TRAVELS WIDELY, VISITING MANY PLACES AT ONCE
BUT THE PLACE HE FAVORS MOST IS THAT CASTLE ATOP THE HILL...
...STAY INSIDE FOR BUT A SMALL WHILE, AND YOU'LL BE CERTAIN TO ENCOUNTER FEAR!
GEE, THANKS!
DON'T GO INTO THAT CASTLE, SON..
...IT'S FILLED WITH HORRIBLE CREATURES WHO DROVE US COMMON FOLK OUT OF ITS HALLS AGES AGO.
NO HUMAN BEING HAS STEPPED INSIDE THE CAPITOL BUILDING AND LIVED TO TELL OF IT! DONT GO!
TOO FEARLESS AND STUPID TO BE DETERRED, THE YOUNG LAD CONTINUED ON, DETERMINED TO ENCOUNTER FEAR SO THAT HE MIGHT BE ABLE TO SHAKE FROM FRIGHT.

LAWYERS
No sooner had the lad entered the haunted castle, then he was challenged by its usurpers...
You don't belong here, commoner!
...the dreaded special interests, who didn't appreciate an average citizen invading its stolen halls.
NRA
OIL
TOBACCO
HONEYBEE SUBS
HEY KIDS! JOE CAMEL
We should heh-heh take him out and shoot him.... heh-heh heh heh!
No! Let the senators take care of him... that's what we pay them for...

BUT THE SHADOW SENATORS, OF COURSE, NEVER DO THIER OWN WORK...
.. AND SO SENT THIER RED TAPE MUMMIES TO DEAL WITH THE IMPUDENT LAD...
...ONLY TO HAVE THEM INEPTLY TRIP AND TANGLE EACH OTHER IN THEIR OWN INSIDIOUS SNARES.
AWAY WITH YOU ALL...
...I WISH TO MEET WITH FEAR...
NOT HIS SERVANTS!
CONFRONTED BY A CITIZEN WHO STOOD HIS GROUND, THE MONSTERS MELTED AWAY.
THE PEOPLE REJOICED AT REGAINING POSSESSION OF THEIR LONG SURRENDERED CASTLE, BUT THE YOUNG LAD MERELY MOPED...
HE STILL HAD YET TO MEET WITH FEAR, AND SEEMED NO CLOSER TO HIS GOAL..
...BUT WISHING TO BE HELPFUL THE PEOPLE TOLD HIM OF THE MANY OTHER HAUNTED CASTLES STILL LEFT WITHIN THE VILLAGE, AND GAVE HIM A LIST SO HE MIGHT SEARCH THEM ALL.
THE END

Witchfinger

My wife has a Witchfinger.

for most of her life it was perfectly normal.

then she sheared part of it off in a paper cutter, like paring a carrot to a point.

EVEN IN THIS STATE THE MEMBRANE IS OFTEN STILL VERY TAUT.

EACH INCISION MUST BE BOTH PRECISE AND ABRUPT.

AFTER COMPLETING ALL FOUR INCISIONS IN SEQUENCE, (see diagram A.)

GENTLY, BUT FIRMLY PEEL BACK THE UPPER LAYER OF TISSUE

OF COURSE, THE SUBJECT MAY EXPERIENCE LIMITED INVOLUNTARY CONVULSIONS

THE PROCESS IS NOT WITHOUT SOME PAIN.

throughout her normal activities of the day she will not touch anything with it.

while the rest of the fingers grasp things that witchfinger is held apart... hovering.

she's developed an obsession with extruding dirt and oil from my pores with her bare hands.

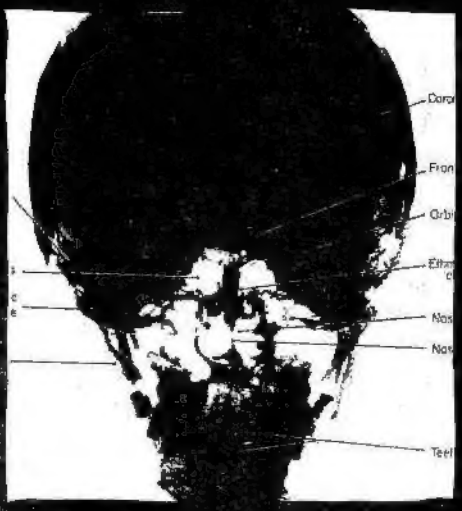
her fervor is undeniable.

then and only then, the witchfinger becomes a useful digit.

the sharp edge digging and pinching,

the process is not without some pain.

YOUR INTENDED GOAL WILL BE REVEALED.

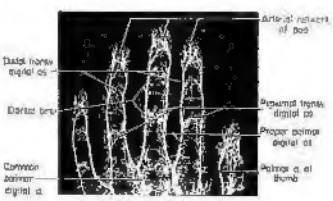


IT WILL BE AN AUTOMOBILE.
A GOLF COURSE.
SEVERAL KILOS OF COCAINE.
A MISTRESS.
IT WILL BE A WELL-APPOINTED HOME.
A MARINA.
LARGE DOSES OF NICOTINE AND ALCOHOL.
A PUBLIC OFFICE.

IT WILL BE REVEALED. (see diagram B.)

the doctor said she should've saved the shaved off bit so he could put it back on, but it was too late. by the time they got back to the paper cutter the morsel was a new, unearthly color.

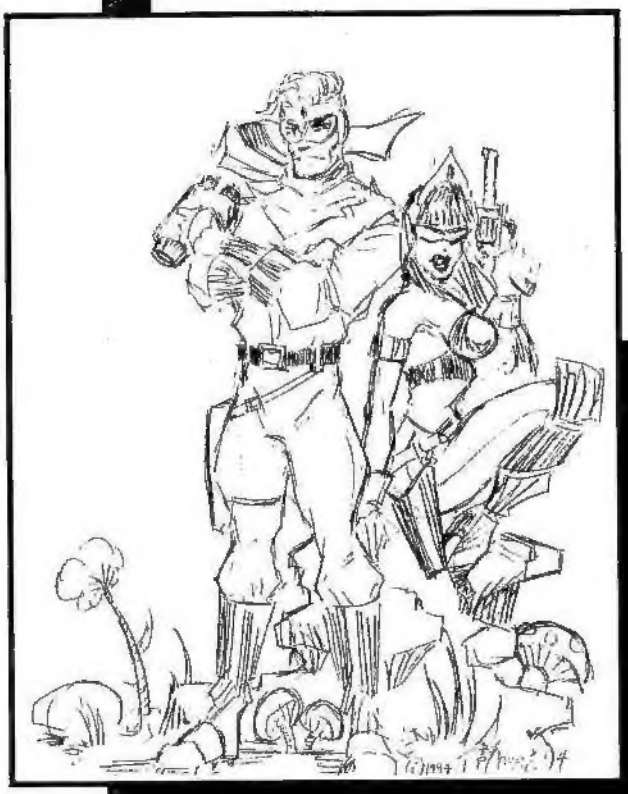
it was thrown away, just like regular garbage.

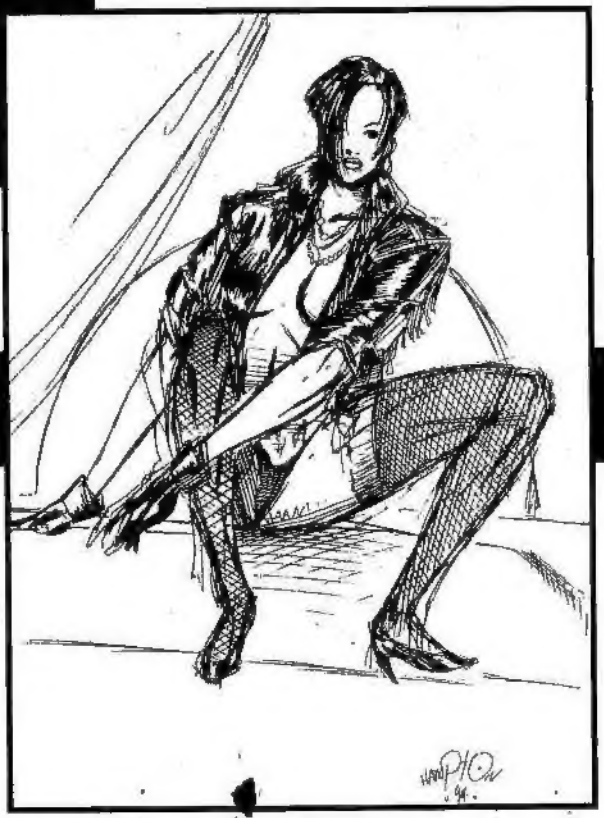


• ENDING •

dragon con winners

For the second straight year, NEGATIVE BURN is proud to showcase the winners and runner-ups for the 1994 Dragon Con/ACE Quick-Sketch Contest. Don't miss 1995's show at the Atlanta Hilton and Towers from July 13-16. If you're interested in attending in '95, please contact Edward Kramer at DragonCon/ACE '95, PO Box 47696, Atlanta, GA 30362-0696. The Dragon Con/ACE information and fax line is (404) 925-2813, available 24 hours.





Clockwise from top:

Todd J. Cross, Age 24
Winner, Senior's Division

Sean Curran, Age 22
Runner-up, Senior's Division

Kevin Hampton, Age 16
Winner, Junior's Division

Sharick Wright, Age 18
Runner-up, Junior's Divison

NEGATIVE BURN

ISSUES

No. 1 Features two covers in a flip format, one from Andrew Robinson (BARB WIRE) and one from Mike Wieringo (FLASH) and Craig Gilmore (MORBIUS). Contributors include Charles Moore, Randy Green, James Pruett, Nathan Massengill, Ann Goetz, Chris Hunter, Frank Turner, Joe Pruett, Guy Burwell, Tim Bradstreet, Bob Burden, Brian Bolland, and Phillip Hester. Features include FLAMING CARROT, KILROY, MR. MAMOULIAN, and the first installment of Phillip Hester's BONESHAKER. 48 pages. **$5.00**

No. 2 Flip covers by Wayne Vansant and Phillip Hester (SWAMP THING). Contributors include Jeffrey Lang, Steve Lieber (HAWKMAN), Brian Bolland, Malcolm Bourne, Jim Calafiore, Tim Bradstreet, Vincent Stall, and Greg DiGenti. Features the second installment of Phillip Hester's BONESHAKER. Hard to find. 48 pages. **$4.00**

No. 3 Cover by Andrew Robinson. Contributors include James Pruett, Avido Khahaifa, Brian Bolland, Jeff Smith (BONE), Brent Trammell, Bradley Walton, Marc Erickson, Joe Pruett, J. Adam Walters, and Craig Hamilton. Features first appearance of BLACK MIST (see BLACK MIST series below), Bob Burden's THE PANIC, and a special sketchbook feature of Jeff Smith's BONE. 32 pages. **$8.00**

No. 4 Front and back cover by Craig Hamilton. Contributors include Malcolm Bourne, Mark Bloodworth, Brian Bolland, Joe Pruett, Guy Burwell, P. Craig Russell, Marc Erickson, Doug Wheeler, Don Wimmer, and Michael Wm. Kaluta. Features include KILROY, the first installment of CLASSICS DESECRATED, and the first appearance of TRIGGER MAN (soon to be a regular series). 32 pages. **$2.95**

No. 5 Cover by Guy Davis (SANDMAN MYSTERY THEATRE). Contributors include James Pruett, Avido Khahaifa, Brian Bolland, Terry Collins, Brian Hodges, Phillip Hester, Chas Truog (ANIMAL MAN), Arthur Suydam, Doug Wheeler, Stewart Stanyard, Gregg Kendrick, Scooter Tidwell, Ken Meyer Jr., and Greg DiGenti. Limited supply. 32 pages. **$2.95**

No. 6 Cover by Michael Wm. Kaluta. Contributors include Joe Pruett, Ken Meyer Jr., David Lloyd (V FOR VENDETTA), Elaine Lee, Craig Hamilton, Phillip Hester, Doug Wheeler, Steve Smith, Brian Bolland, Andrew Robinson, and Greg DiGenti. Features include KILROY and MR. MAMOULIAN. 32 pages. **$2.95**

No. 7 Special wrap around cover by Paul Gulacy, who also collaborates with Steve Mattsson for VITRUVIAN MAN. Contributors include Brian Bolland, Ted Slampyak, Paul Tobin, Phillip Hester, Doug Wheeler, David Gatzmer, Richard Case (DOOM PATROL), and Vincent Stall. 32 pages. **$2.95**

No. 8 STARCHILD'S James A. Owen provides the cover and story of "Little Neil in Slumberland (a tribute of sorts to Neil Gaiman and SANDMAN). Contributors include Brian Bolland, Phillip Hester, Doug Wheeler, Brian Clopper, Jim Wheelock, Mac Myers, Charles Moore, Casey Jones, Scott Multer, and a full-color back cover story by P. Craig Russell. Features include STARCHILD, MR. MAMOULIAN, and the third installment of BONESHAKER. 32 pages. Limited supply. **$5.00**

No. 9 Stunning painted cover by Ken Meyer Jr. who also illustrates the first installment of ALAN MOORE'S SONGBOOK (original songs written by Alan for NEGATIVE BURN and illustrated by today's best artists). Other contributors include Charles and Lisa Moore, Gene Gonzales, Tyler Bishop, Brian Bolland, Mark Ricketts, Phillip Hester, Dave Dorman, Doug Wheeler, David Gatzmer, Beverly Hale, Michael Moe, John Grigni, and Art Wetherell. Features include DOMINIQUE and the first installment of the continued serial TWILIGHT PEOPLE (see TWILIGHT PEOPLE listing below). 40 pages. Limited supply. **$2.95**

No. 10 Painted cover by Marvel and Dark Horse artist Marc Erickson. Contributors include Wayne Vansant (THE 'NAM), Brian Bolland, Mark Ricketts, Alan Moore, Richard Case, Mark Lucas, Bil Ruth, Doug Wheeler, George Broderick, P. Craig Russell, Phillip Hester, Ken Meyer Jr. Features include ALAN MOORE'S SONGBOOK, TWILIGHT PEOPLE, and a special look at David Mazzucchelli's RUBBER BLANKET. 48 pages. **$2.95**

No. 11 Featuring a Moebius cover! Contributors include Neil Gaiman, Joe Pruett, Ken Meyer Jr., Brian Bolland, Alan Moore, Phillip Hester, Chas Truog, Mark Chiarello (BATMAN/HOUDINI), Mark Ricketts, Doug Wheeler, Donna Barr, Matt Feazell, Mike Hoffman, Martha Henry, Malcolm Bourne, and David Windett. 40 pages. **$2.95**

No. 12 MICRA returns to comics in this cover feature from Lamar Waldron and Ted Boonthanakit. Contributors include Marc Gacy, Ted Slampyak, Brian Bolland, Nabiel Kanan, Alan Moore, Dave Johnson (SUPERPATRIOT), Mark Ricketts, Jason Caskey, Phillip Hester, Doug Wheeler, Ian Akin, and Paul Pope (THB). Features include EXIT, ALAN MOORE'S SONGBOOK, and TWILIGHT PEOPLE. 40 pages. **$2.95**

No. 13 Giant-sized anniversary issue! This 64 page giant features a Vince Locke (SANDMAN) cover, Neil Gaiman illustrating an Alan Moore Songbook! Plus contributions from Brian Bolland, Terry Moore, Joe Pruett, Marc Erickson, Evan Dorkin, Mark Ricketts, Paul Pope, Doug Wheeler, Stan Shaw, Brian Michael Bendis, Edward Martin III, Casey Jones, Craig Gilmore, Jeff Parker, Kyle Garrett, Nathan Pride, Phillip Hester, Charles and Lisa Moore, Gene Gonzales, Torin Hill, and Tony Harris (STARMAN). Features include STRANGERS IN PARADISE, KILROY, MILK AND CHEESE, DOMINIQUE, and the concluding chapter of TWILIGHT PEOPLE. 64 pages. **$3.95**

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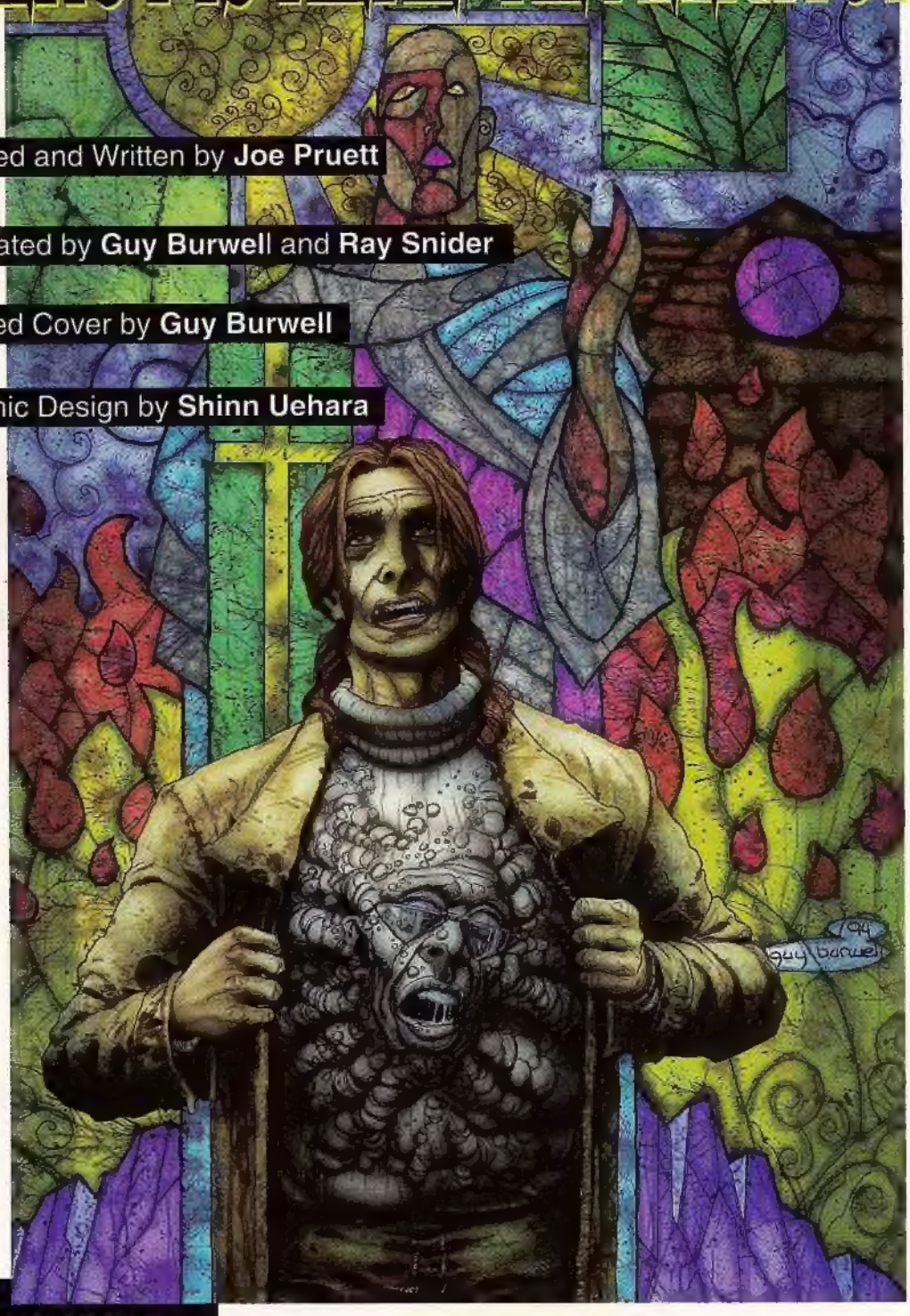
From the pages of the Harvey Award Nominated NEGATIVE BURN

KILROY IS HERE: REVELATIONS



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